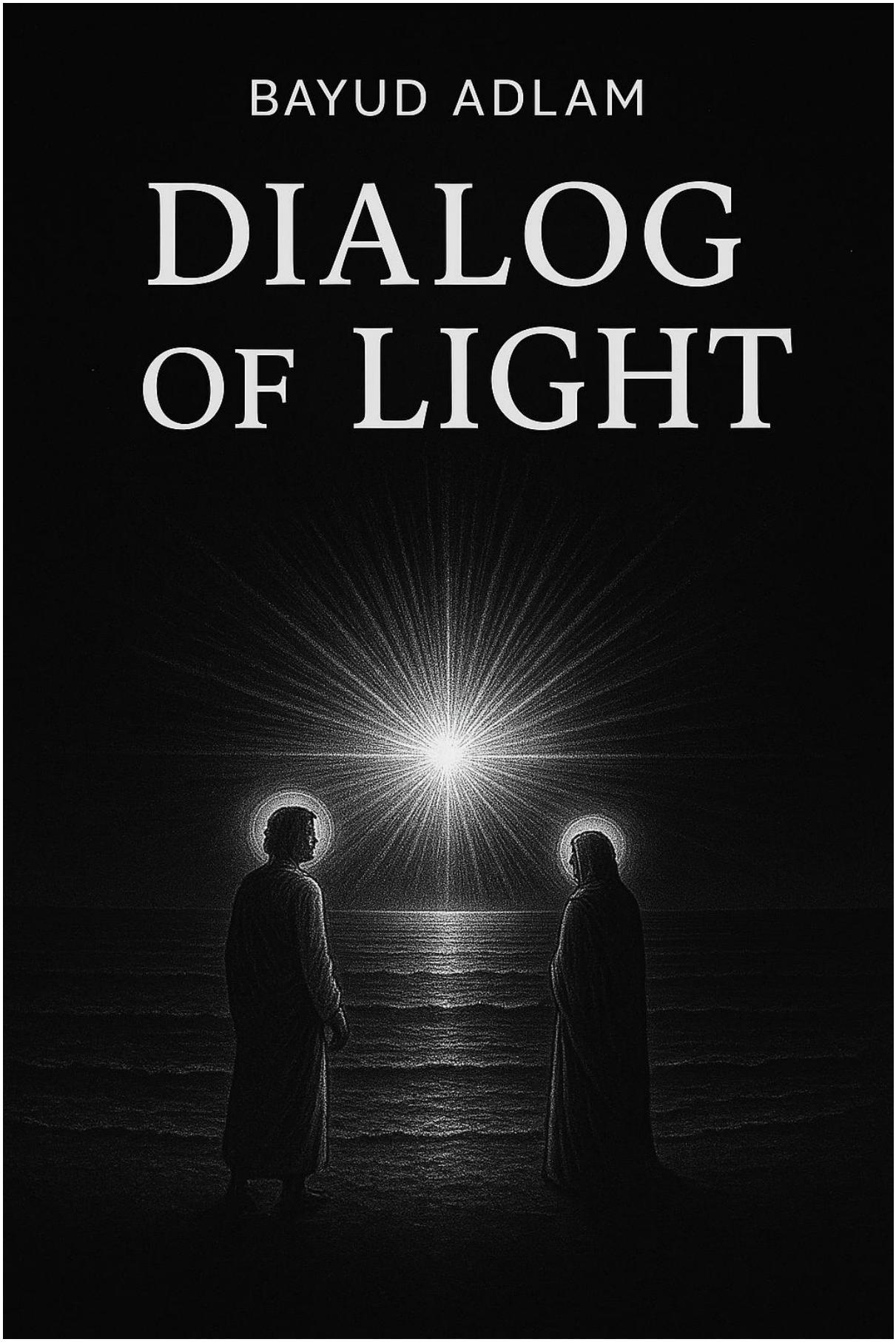
BAYUD ADLAM

# DIALOG OF LIGHT



Under the endless blue sky, the wind blew freely, as if it carried messages from all corners of time and the world. A golden chariot travels slowly through the sky—not in contact with the ground, without dust, without wheels or rails. Krishna sits in the front, playing the flute peacefully, filling the cosmic space with soothing soft tones, away from the hustle and bustle of war or the hustle and bustle of worship.

From a distance, a traveler with light steps is present, carrying the vibrations of history that flow throughout civilization. It was the Prophet Muhammad, who approached the chariot with a peaceful gaze. Krishna smiled, lowered the flute from his lips, then greeted it in a voice that reflected warmth and wisdom. It was there that two great lights met, introducing themselves not as heroes, but as two servants of truth who came from different lands.

In the first dialogue between Krishna and the Prophet Muhammad, the seeds of surprising intimacy were born—agreeing on fundamental things, complementing each other's views on divine life and duty, even before serious discussions began. The cosmic wind danced around them, carrying the scent of grasslands and the sea, as the chariot spun around the two figures. Their conversation opened the door for the next parade of sages: Buddha under the golden tree, Confucius in the bamboo pavilion, Laozi with the buffalo in the morning mist, Socrates in the Agora of Athens, and Zarathustra with the holy flame. All will be present, one by one, on a wondrous journey across the ages, where truth and humor go hand in hand toward a grand conversation about man, light, and God.

### 📘 DIALOGUE 1 — KRISHNA AND PROPHET MUHAMMAD

*Chapter: "On the Cosmic Chariot with the Avatar"*

The sky of the place was like an endless blue cloth, and the wind moved as if it had a mind of its own. A golden chariot—untouched by dust, unbound by wheels to the ground—slid slowly.

Krishna sat in the front, playing his flute casually. There is no Kurukshetra battlefield. There are no arrows, no war trumpets. Just peace.

When the Prophet Muhammad approached, Krishna smiled, lowering his flute.

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**Krishna:**

Welcome, O luminous soul. I am Krishna, *avatāra*, the manifestation of the Immortal.
Who are you, whose steps are so light yet carry the traces of the history of all mankind?

**Muhammad:**

I am Muhammad, the Messenger of Allah. On earth I am called a prophet, on this journey I am only a servant who carries a mandate.

Krishna looked at Muhammad with a pair of eyes that reflected all the colors of the sea.

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**Krishna:**

Ah, a *caliph* on earth.
Pull... pull... You know, in my day people called me "The One Who Came to Earth to Preserve the Dharma."
Sometimes they praise me too much.
Sometimes it's too much of a misunderstanding.
Sometimes... (mischievous smile)... They are too busy making my statue rather than listening to my advice.

**Muhammad *(smiling):***

Humans are easily fascinated by forms, but they are negligent of meaning.

**Krishna:**

Aha! See, we already agreed on one thing before the serious debate even began.

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The cosmic chariot moved slowly, as if it were circling the two figures, not the other way around. The wind brings the scent of meadows and the sea.

Krishna continued:

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**Krishna:**

In a chariot like this, I once spoke to Arjuna about **the dharma**, about the task of life that should not be abandoned even if my heart is afraid. Tell me, O Prophet of the desert—what is your "dharma"?

**Muhammad:**

My task is to teach people about **monotheism**, about one Godless and unborn, about morals, and about living justly. The Dharma that I carry is to uphold mercy for all nature.

Krishna nodded seriously.

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**Krishna:**

Tauhid... one. The yogis call it  the unspeakable *Brahman*. The receipts tried to draw it in long verse, but I always said to them: "The Infinite doesn't need poetry to measure it." Although poetry is certainly more pleasant than war.

Krishna placed his flute on his lap, tapping it with a small smile.

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**Muhammad:**

You talk about dharma and I talk about trust.
Both make humans stand tall even though the world is collapsing around them.

**Krishna:**

True! Arjuna almost threw his bow in confusion, but I said: "Get up!"
Sometimes humans need to be slapped gently to be aware of their way of life.

**Muhammad *(smiles):***

Sometimes gentle is not enough.
Sometimes they need to be given a sentence.

Krishna laughed, the sound of his laughter like a small bell falling into the lake.

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The train stopped. Not above the ground, not above the sky—at some point in between, as if reality were holding its breath.

Krishna looked at the Prophet with a deeper expression.

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**Krishna:**

Arjuna once asked me: "How do I know the right way?" I replied: "That which leads you to openness of heart is the dharma." What would be your answer if your people asked such a question?

**Muhammad:**

The right path is one that brings a person closer to his Lord,
keeps him away from tyranny, and purifies his intentions.
Not the easiest, and not the hardest—
but the **middle way**,
the straight path.

Krishna patted his knee.

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**Krishna:**

Ha! Arjuna will love you. You're moderate, obvious, and don't like drama.
Unlike some of my students (clearing their throats slowly) who like to make everything an annual festival.

**Muhammad:**

Humans have a tendency to enliven the simple and simplify the important.

**Krishna:**

That is why we are sent in our respective times.
To remind them.

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Then there was a short silence—a silence that was not empty, but meaningful. These two large figures sat side by side, looking at the cosmic horizon.

Krishna tilted his head slightly.

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**Krishna:**

O Muhammad,
You are a prophet. I'm an avatar.
But both of them—
whatever they want to call it—
are mirrors that reflect God's light.

**Muhammad:**

What?

**Krishna *(chuckles):***

I was often worshipped as a god.
You, on the other hand,
don't even allow your face painting.

**Muhammad *(smiling softly):***

That's so that humans don't forget who they should be heading.

Krishna nodded.

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**Krishna:**

Well, O wise prophet of the desert... As your journey continues, you will meet other friends: the enlightened, the inquisitive,
the one who seeks the way, who questions everything, and who changes the world with a sword or a pen.

I leave you to them.
But remember: In all ages, light is one.
Its manifestations are numerous. His name is innumerable.
But His righteousness is one.

**Muhammad:**

Light is one. And we are all sent to show it in our own way.

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Krishna got up, blowing his flute once more.
The cosmic chariot shone softly, then vanished slowly like a dream that left the scent of flowers in the air.

The Prophet Muhammad continued his steps towards the next meeting.

*A new journey begins.*

### 📘 *DIALOGUE 2 — PROPHET MUHAMMAD & SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA*

*Chapter: "Under the Tree That Never Falls"*

*The wind turned calmer. The light before the Prophet Muhammad faded, becoming soft, warm, like a freshly breathing dawn. In the middle of the space in between, suddenly a huge tree grows—its trunk is solid, its leaves are deep green, and a golden light drips from the tips of its leaves like dew.*

*Below it, a man sat quietly.*

*His body was erect.*
*His face was clear.*
*His eyes were half closed but full of awareness.*

*Buddha.*

*He opened his eyes slowly as the Prophet Muhammad approached.*
*It was as if he had known about the arrival thousands of years ago.*

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***Buddha:***

*Ah... a traveler from the distant sands. I feel your steps from a distance—light, but carrying the burden of the people and the hope of the world.*
*Please sit down, friend.*

*The Prophet Muhammad smiled and sat side by side.*

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***Muhammad:***

*Greetings to you, O enlightened one. I came as a servant, bringing the light of my Lord's teachings.*

***Buddha:***

*Enlightened, yes. That's the title people give me.*
*Sometimes I think they're over--*
*I just sat under this tree for too long.*

*The Prophet smiled small. The subtle humor is light, but soothing.*

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***Muhammad:***

*Sometimes sitting longer does produce more light than running without direction.*

*The Buddha raised his eyebrows slightly, amazed.*

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***Buddha:***

*You speak like a meditation teacher, even though I know your path is not the path of total silence.*
*Tell me, Muhammad... What moves a prophet?*

***Muhammad:***

*Compassion.*
*The desire to see man live in peace, not in inner misery or division.*

*The Buddha closed his eyes for a moment, absorbing the answer.*

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***Buddha:***

*Compassion... karuṇā. In my language, it is one of the pillars of liberation from suffering.*
*But humans are sometimes stubborn. I taught them to "let go", they asked, "which one to let go first?"*

***Muhammad:***

*My people also ask, "what should be followed first?" They like lists. They love sequence.*
*Even though there is only one path.*

*The Buddha chuckled, softly, like water hitting a stone.*

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***About Suffering***

***Buddha:***

*In this world, suffering is the first thing I realize. I want to cut off the roots of dukkha, the discontent that ensnares people.*
*How do you see suffering?*

***Muhammad:***

*Suffering tests, refines, and strengthens.*
*He is not an enemy, but a teacher.*
*It opens the door to patience and gratitude, the two keys to the heart that bring man close to his God.*

***Buddha:***

*Pull...*
*You do not reject the world.*
*You embrace it, but teach people to walk it with morality.*
*While I... (small smile)I chose a way out of the vortex.*

***Muhammad:***

*We both teach the middle way. Only the path is different.*

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***About God***

*The Buddha took a deep breath before asking.*

***Buddha:***

*You often refer to God as the One, the Near, the Hearer. In my teachings, I rarely talk about God. I am afraid that man will sink into metaphysical speculation and forget to live a righteous life.*
*How do you teach them about the Invisible?*

***Muhammad:***

*I taught them:*
*That God is nearer than the similions of the neck,*
*gentler than the mothers,*
*more just than all judges, and higher than all concepts.*

*Buddha smiled, eyes shining softly.*

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***Buddha:***

*Closeness... It's beautiful. I teach closeness to my own mind.*
*You teach closeness to the inner Creator.*
*Our journey to light is the same,*
*even though the gates are different.*

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***About Meditation and Prayer***

***Buddha:***

*I sat for a long time under this tree.*
*Seeing the breath in and out.*
*Seeing thoughts come and go. There I found the disappearance of the ego.*
*How do you view silence?*

***Muhammad:***

*At night, I stood still. In prostration and prostration, the soul becomes light. Prayer is my meditation; Meditation is your prayer.*
*Both of them opened the door to tranquility.*

***Buddha:***

*It's beautiful. If the monks hear this, they will think you are one of the Himalayan monks who have lost their way to Arabia.*

***Muhammad:***

*And if the Arabs hear the way you speak, they will think that you have met the angel Gabriel.*

*The Buddha laughed softly. These two figures are both humble, but their depth each reflects off each other.*

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***About Middle Way***

***Buddha:***

*I teach Majjhima Patipada, the Middle Way.Not excessive in pleasure, not excessive in self-torture.*

***Muhammad:***

*I also teach moderation. One cannot disconnect oneself from the world,*
*nor must it be immersed in it. Eating, sleeping, getting married, working—all part of worship when done right.*

***Buddha:***

*Ah, you have made the world a field of goodness. I made the world a rehearsal exercise. But both make humans calmer.*

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***About Love***

*The Buddha looked far ahead, then asked:*

***Buddha:***

*You talk a lot about love. Me too.*
*But how do you view love for God? It's a concept that doesn't have a lot of room for discussion.*

***Muhammad:***

*Love for God is the pinnacle of man's journey. Love that makes a person choose the good without being forced,*
*leaving sin unsupervised. Love that makes people not feel alone even though the world has left.*

***Buddha:***

*I call it metta, universal love. You call it mahabbah. Two languages, one taste.*

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***Closing Dialogue***

*The wind blows softly. The leaves of the tree shook slowly, as if listening to them.*

***Buddha:***

*O Muhammad,*
*You bring your people to God.*
*But both lead to peace. The world is too dark without teachings like this.*

***Muhammad:***

*The light of truth always descends according to its place and time. And you, Siddhartha, are a dim light that penetrates deep into the human soul.*

*The Buddha smiled softly, almost like a father looking at a child who grows up wisely.*

***Buddha:***

*If the world hears you, it will be at peace. If the world listens to me, it will be at peace. If the world listens to both of us...*
*He may have finally stopped fighting.*

***Muhammad:***

*Amen.*

*The Buddha grasped the air, then released it.*

***Buddha:***

*Go, O prophet of the desert. There are still many other sages waiting for you.*
*Confucius wanted to discuss manners. Laozi wanted to talk about the Tao.Socrates wanted to ask... many things, as always.*

*The Prophet Muhammad got up, smiled, and walked away.*

*The bodhi tree emitted light, and the Buddha again sat in eternal silence.*

***Confucius Dialogues 3:***

***On Order, Ethics, and Humanity***

*The gentle wind from the east seemed to bring the smell of dew-soaked bamboo. In the middle of a garden with a simple wooden pavilion, Confucius greeted the Prophet Muhammad with a shady smile, like a teacher ready to explain life—though he secretly wanted to learn.*

***Confucius:***
*"Welcome, O Muhammad. I heard you were sent to perfect morals. In my country, I taught ren, li, and yi so that humans wouldn't go wild. The world is often chaotic because humans forget to be human."*

***The Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon***
*him) said, "Peace be upon you, O Kongzi. That's right, I was sent to perfect morals. But it also reminds people that morality is not only embedded in the heart, but also relies on the awareness that there is a God who sees everything."*

*Confucius nodded softly, his beard swaying like a painting brush.*

***Confucius:***
*"I am often asked by my students about heaven, hell, and spirits. But I always answer: 'Not yet understanding humans, how to understand the sky?' Sometimes I think they think I'm avoidant. When in fact... yes, I did run away."*

*Both of them chuckled.*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Not everything must be answered prematurely. But for my people, I bring the news of this world and the world to come, that they may know that justice does not stop at the border."*

*Confucius patted the wooden table, looking satisfied.*

***Confucius:***
*"Ah, that's great! In my day, sometimes evil officials died with lavish ceremonies, while poor people died secretly. It doesn't feel fair if the story just ends like that."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Therefore I bring the principle that every deed will be rewarded, whether small or great. The world is a field, the harvest will be harvested later."*

*Confucius smiled, as if finding a missing piece of the puzzle.*

***Confucius:***
*"We are different languages, different times, but our goals are the same. I want humans to be neat, orderly, not to hurt each other. You want them to be good because of love and fear of God."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"And the two complement each other. The rule without love is dry. Love without rules is a disaster."*

*Confucius chuckled as he raised his teacup.*

***Confucius:***
*"That's right! That's what I always tell my students, even though sometimes they're busier asking if it's polite to speak out loud in the kingdom. I suppose your students are too?"*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"True. Some ask if it is okay to eat with the left hand, some ask if newly hatched hens and hens also need to be qiqahi. Humans do like to ask for details."*

***Confucius:***
*"Well, it proves one thing: everywhere, man is the same."*

*The two laughed again.*

*The wind from the east slowly moved the bamboo curtain. The atmosphere became silent for a moment, like a pause between two paragraphs of a classic book.*

***Confucius:***
*"O Muhammad, teach me a sentence that contains the essence of your mission."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"If you want one sentence, it is: 'Mercy—affection—is the essence of every good.'"*

***Confucius closed his eyes for a moment.***
*"Beautiful... In my teachings, ren—humanity—also stands on love. Maybe we call it different, but the taste is the same."*

***The Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah***
*be upon him) said, "And you, O Kongzi, what is the essence of your teaching?"*

*Confucius smiled broadly—the typical smile of a teacher who has just found the right student.*

***Confucius:***
*"'Do not do to others what you do not want them to do to you.'"*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"That is the teaching that I also bequeath to my people."*

*The two look at each other like two mirrors that are different in shape but reflect the same light.*

***Confucius:***
*"It turns out that moral truth, when sincere, finally meets up—above differences."*

***The Prophet (peace and blessings***
*of Allaah be upon him) said, "The truth comes from the same source."*

*The wind blew again, bringing warm silence, leading the two great figures to the realization that across cultures, across the ages, and across books—true morality never loses its home.*

*Here' s the* ***dialogue between the Prophet Muhammad and Laozi****, in a gentle, poetic, philosophical, and slightly subtle humor style like your Chapter 2.*

***Dialogue with Laozi:***

***About Silence, Path, and Water That Conquers Everything***

*The sky looked pale, as if it had just finished washing itself. In front of an old gate—which is said to be the exit from Laozi leaving the world crowded—an old man sits on the back of a buffalo. His beard was white as fog, his eyes were as calm as water that was never disturbed by stones.*

*The Prophet Muhammad approached with slow steps.*

***Laozi:***
*"Ah... a guest who came in silent. Very good. People who walk quietly usually bring the right questions."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"I bring peace greetings. And—let's be honest—questions too."*

*Laozi smiled, like someone who had already guessed the answer before the question appeared.*

***Laozi:***
*"The world is too noisy. The questions make it more balanced."*

*He patted the buffalo neck slowly.*

***Laozi:***
*"Say, O Muhammad, what is the 'path' that you have brought to your people?"*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"I bring the straight path—sirath al-mustaqim—the path that connects man with God, and man with other people. The path requires intention, ethics, and effort."*

*Laozi nodded slowly." The straight path... pull. In my teachings, the path—Tao—is neither straight nor winding. It's just... exist. Like the wind. It is invisible, but it moves everything."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"And how did man find it?"*

***Laozi raised an eyebrow:***
*"By not looking too hard. People who chase the wind usually lose their breath first."*

*Both smiled.*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"If someone asked me, 'How to get closer to God?' I would answer: 'With your heart.' But his heart should be clean, honest, and loving."*

***Laozi:***
*"I said so. But I add: don't talk too much about it. People who talk too much about virtue are usually running out of virtue."*

*The Prophet Muhammad chuckled." True. Some people are too busy preaching to forget to practice it."*

***Laozi:***
*"So we agree: a good person does not need to shout that he is good."*

*Silence for a moment. Silence that is not awkward—silence that provides space for thought.*

***Laozi:***
*"You know, Muhammad, I love water."*

*The Prophet Muhammad looked at him, waiting for an explanation.*

***Laozi:***
*"Water occupies the lowest place, but it sustains all. Water never forces, but beats stone. Water be patient. He didn't say anything, but the world needed him more than he realized."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"It is beautiful. In my book, God says that from water, He created all living things."*

*Laozi tapped his chest with a thin finger." Ah, apparently we are both water students."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"You are right. And water teaches that softness can be stronger than hardness."*

***Laozi:***
*"That's why I don't really like war. The man who wins the war usually loses in his mind."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"War is not something I like. But sometimes people reject peace, and tyranny must stop. But still, true victory is not on the battlefield, but within."*

*Laozi smiled widely." You speak like a wise man who has passed through a thousand seasons."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"And you speak like an old man who deliberately looks older than his age."*

*Laozi laughed out loud, until the buffalo also waved its tail.*

***Laozi:***
*"You're right! I'm tired of looking wise. But if I don't look wise, my students will think I'm lazy."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Sometimes being lazy is wiser than being busy without a purpose."*

***Laozi:***
*"Exactly! Look at this buffalo of mine. He eats, walks, sleeps. He never thought about reputation, position, or praise. And he is more peaceful than most of the ministers in the palace."*

*The two laughed again.*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"O Laozi, teach me one of the core sentences of your teachings."*

*Laozi stared at the sky for a moment before replying:*

***Laozi:***
*"'He who conquers himself, he is the greatest.'"*

*The Prophet Muhammad nodded solemnly." That is in line with my saying: 'The greatest jihad is against selfishness.'"*

*Laozi patted his knee." See? We are walking from two different mountains, but standing on the same peak."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"For the true truth, wherever it is conveyed, always goes to God."*

*Laozi stared into the distance, as if hearing echoes from thousands of years after.*

***Laozi:***
*"Then, O Muhammad, bring my greetings. Say to man: do not pursue the world too hard; It's like a shadow. Chasing the shadow, he moved away. But walk toward the light—and the shadows will follow."*

*The Prophet Muhammad smiled peacefully." Beautiful message. And I'll remember it."*

*The buffalo moved its head, as if it wanted to participate in the conversation but forgot how.*

*Gentle breezes blow. The two large figures remained silent for a while, letting the silence speak in their own language.*

*Well, here's the dialogue **between the Prophet Muhammad and Socrates** in a philosophical style, Socrates' humor that likes to pretend "don't know", and warmth that stays in tune with your novel's vision.*

***Dialogue with Socrates:***

***About Truth, Ignorance, and the Courage to Ask***

*The Agora of Athens appeared like a dream blown by the wind. The stone pillars glowed softly, as if remembering their heyday. In the center, an old man with a face full of irony sat on a marble bench. He looks like someone who only lives to ask things that make others sleepless.*

*Socrates rubbed his disheveled beard." Aha... You arrived on time. Even though I don't know what time it is."*

*The Prophet Muhammad smiled softly." I came not with a watch, but a greeting."*

***Socrates:***
*"It is better. The clock sometimes makes man restless; Greetings make people calm. So I guess you're bringing more useful items."*

*He leaned over, his eyes full of curiosity typical of a philosopher who never gets tired.*

***Socrates:***
*"You must be Muhammad. The person who is said to bring light. Is that right?"*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"I only carry a message from God. The light is not mine; I'm just saying."*

*Socrates laughed like someone who had just heard the most honest answer all day.*

***Socrates:***
*"Good! Humble answer. Usually people who claim to bring light actually make others dazzle."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Light should illuminate, not blind."*

***Socrates:***
*"We agree! You're starting to worry me—if we continue to agree like this, I can't ask sharp questions."*

*The Prophet Muhammad sat beside him.*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Ask what you want."*

*Socrates is like a child who is given a new toy.*

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***First Question: The Essence of Goodness***

***Socrates:***
*"O Muhammad, is virtue something we learn... or something we remember?"*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Goodness is in human nature. The human soul is basically familiar with it, although it is sometimes covered by lust and negligence. The task of revelation is to reawaken what the soul knew long before it was born."*

*Socrates nodded enthusiastically." Extraordinary! So we agree on that. I say, the soul has seen perfect forms. You said that the soul has a soul. Two different words for one thing in common."*

*He raised his finger to the sky.*

***Socrates:***
*"Good. But why do so many humans do evil?*
*Did they forget... Or are they deliberate?"*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"Both. Some have forgotten. Some are deliberate. Some are deceived by the world. And some know it's bad, but they do it anyway."*

*Socrates sighed deeply." Ah, it means that man not only needs logic, but the training of the soul."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"True. That is what we call tazkiyah, purification of the soul."*

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***Second Question: About Ignorance***

***Socrates:***
*"You must have heard that I am famous for one sentence."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"You know that you do not know."*

*Socrates patted his thigh." Yes! And that's ironic, because people think it's a curse, when it's a grace. The one who knows that he doesn't know... finally being able to really learn."*

***The Prophet Muhammad:***
*"A person who is arrogant with his knowledge closes the door of guidance. God does not fill a vessel that already feels full."*

*Socrates closed his eyes for a moment, then opened one eye as if he were seducing.*

***Socrates:***
*"And what makes man feel full?"*

***The Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him***
*) said: "Selfishness."*

*Socrates pointed to the chest of the Prophet Muhammad." You speak like someone who has known yourself. This is bad for my reputation; Usually I'm the one who starts a conversation like this."*

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***Third Question: Courage to Ask***

***Socrates:***
*"I am on trial only for asking. They said I was ruining the minds of young people. If you lived in Athens in my time, Muhammad... Are you going to forbid me to ask?"*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"No. I will teach how to ask wisely, and how to answer with compassion."*

*Socrates stared at him for a long time, then smiled a little.*

***Socrates:***
*"That answer... Live.*
*Can I ask for a little advice?"*

***The Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him***
*) said, "Please."*

***Socrates:***
*"There was a time when I felt alone. Because I didn't find many people who were willing to question his beliefs. What are you going to do... if the truth puts you alone?"*

*The Prophet Muhammad bowed his head for a moment, remembering the early days in Mecca.*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"I once stood alone. But I am not alone, for God is with me. If a man stands for the truth, then the whole heavens stand with him even though man does not see."*

*Socrates stared blankly for a few seconds.*
*It is not emptiness of despair—more like emptiness full of tranquility.*

***Socrates:***
*"I like your answer. Maybe that's what I'm lacking in my life: faith in the Almighty. I'm busy looking for a form of truth, but rarely call out the Owner's Name."*

*The Prophet Muhammad smiled softly." You are almost there. What you seek will eventually lead you to Him."*

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***Closing Humor***

*Socrates stood up and stretched out his arms." Before leaving, let me ask you the most important question."*

***Prophet Muhammad:***
*"What is it?"*

***Socrates:***
*"Will in your time... People still like to argue?"*

*The Prophet Muhammad laughed softly." They don't just argue. They argue while writing at length, and argue through small tools in the palm of their hands."*

*Socrates looked very surprised." They argue... sedentary?*
*What a dangerous time!"*

*Both of them laughed freely.*

*Socrates then bowed respectfully." O Muhammad, send my greetings to the world.*
*Say: 'Dare to ask, but even more dare to be humble.'"*

*The Prophet Muhammad nodded." And I bring greetings to you: 'The Lord shows the way for those who honestly seek Him.'"*

*Socrates breathed a sigh of satisfaction." I like the way we dialogue. There are no judges, no crowds, no poison."*

*The Prophet Muhammad patted him on the shoulder." In this day and age, we are only looking for wisdom."*

*Socrates smiled mischievously." Well. But one day, I want to go back to arguing. It's just... Don't give me a mug with anything suspicious."*

*The two laughed again, and the scene slowly faded.*

**Dialogue with Zarathustra:**

**About Light, Moral Choices, and the Fire That Never Goes Out**

The desert wind blows slowly, carrying a dry scent reminiscent of a time long before history was written. In the middle of the vast field, stood a man in a white robe that was struck by golden rays as if he were part of the sun itself. A small flame burned in the bronze bowl beside him, blazing quietly without smoke.

Zarathustra stared at the fire for a moment before turning to the arriving guest.

**Zarathustra:**
"Greetings to you, O seeker of light. Don't be afraid to approach; This fire does not burn except for those who keep the darkness too deep."

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"I bring peace greetings. And I'm not afraid of light. We worship the God who makes light of Himself."

Zarathustra smiled faintly, his gaze sharp but warm.

**Zarathustra:**
"You must be Muhammad. Your name has been whispered by the wind, as if the guardians of the heavens were waiting for your arrival."

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"I am only a servant and a messenger. The light is not mine."

**Zarathustra:**
"So am I. This fire is not mine, only a symbol. People often misunderstand and think I'm worshipping it. Even though I only use it as a mirror to see myself."

Muhammad sat by the fire, letting his warmth touch his hands.

**The Prophet Muhammad:**
"An honest mirror is often misunderstood."

Zarathustra chuckled—the laughter of a wise man who understood more than he spoke.

---

**About Light and Darkness**

**Zarathustra:**
"I teach that life is a choice between *asha* (truth) and *druj* (cheating). Between light and dark. How do you see that?"

**The Prophet Muhammad:**
"In my teaching, God created man with reason and heart so that he would choose the path of goodness. But darkness is not an independent force—it is simply the absence of light. When the light comes, the darkness vanishes."

Zarathustra stared at the fire, pondering deeply.

**Zarathustra:**
"In my day, people needed the metaphor of battle so that they understood that evil was real. But I have always known:
*Fire never fights darkness; it is only present, and darkness surrenders by itself.*"That is why

**The Prophet Muhammad:**
"So is revelation. He does not fight with stupidity—he just eliminates it."

---

**About Freedom of Choice**

**Zarathustra:**
"I emphasize to men that they must choose. That every choice is the brick of the fate of man and the world.
What do you think, O Muhammad?"

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"Man is free to choose, but God knows the end of all choices. And every choice will come back to itself."

**Zarathustra:**
"Ah! So we agree that God did not create man as a puppet."

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"True. God gave man the will for him to grow. Moral consciousness is nature."

Zarathustra nodded slowly.

**Zarathustra:**
"In my day, people accused me of teaching dualism. Even though I only teach moral awareness. God gives man two ways...
but man himself has stepped forward."

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"That is why every human being will be asked about his choice."

Zarathustra smiled widely." You speak like someone who has been observing humans for a long time and refrains from shaking his head every day."

Muhammad laughed softly." True. There are days when you want to say 'O man, help yourself.'"

---

**About Fire and Symbols**

**Zarathustra:**
"People think I glorify fire. I only use fire as a lesson: True fire is in the heart. If the heart is extinguished, what is the use of the outside light?"

**The Prophet Muhammad:**
"I said: 'In man there is a lump of flesh. If it's good, it's all good.' It's the heart."

Zarathustra looked up at the sky, as if waiting for the stars to fall as a sign of approval.

**Zarathustra:**
"I think your teachings have come to correct something that people after me have begun to forget. The world is too long for just one teacher to fill."

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"Every prophet comes in his time. And you carry a message of goodness, honesty, and purity; the message is not dead."

---

**About Ahura Mazda**

**Zarathustra:**
"From Ahura Mazda I learned that God is One, childless and unbegotten, higher than all forms. And I was laughed at for it. They say: 'Where can there be only one God?'"

Muhammad looked at him with reverent tenderness.

**The Prophet Muhammad:**
"The monotheism you brought with you was the first light in the ancient world. And I came to perfect and confirm that God is One."

Zarathustra patted his chest with relief." Ah! I was hoping someone would say that in the end."

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"The truth always finds its heir."

---

**About Satan and Temptation**

Zarathustra lowered his voice.

**Zarathustra:**
"I tell you a secret:
Satan is far more patient than some people.
It doesn't have to make us evil... enough to make us lazy."

Muhammad smiled.

**The Prophet Muhammad:**
"There is a sentence in my book: 'Satan promises poverty, and commands to immorality.'
Satan only whispers; man decides."

Zarathustra rubbed his beard and gasped in amazement.

**Zarathustra:**
"Ah... So even in the future, he still uses the old methods?
What a creature poor in innovation!"

Both of them chuckled.

---

**Cover: The Same Light from the Two Easts**

The flame suddenly blazed a little higher, but it was still not hot.

**Zarathustra:**
"Muhammad, I am glad to meet you. From the light you bring, I know: we are from the same sun."

**The Prophet (peace and blessings**
of Allaah be upon him) said, "And I feel the sincerity of your teachings. The light of truth—wherever it arises—always returns to the Lord."

Zarathustra closed his eyes, as if speaking to something very distant but very close.

**Zarathustra:**
"Say to mankind: 'The truth is one. The path to truth is many.
But only those who choose with a clear heart will find it.'"

**Prophet Muhammad:**
"I will say it."

The wind blew again. The fire shrank quietly. Zarathustra stood up, his robe fluttering slowly.

**Zarathustra:**
"And remember, O Muhammad: The little fire of good that you guard, will one day light up the world."

The Prophet Muhammad bowed respectfully." And your teaching of moral choice will live on as long as man is still able to choose."

They smiled at each other. Two ancient lights greet each other, recognize each other, as if time is a bridge that never really breaks.

**CHAPTER III**

**Dialogue with all**

**On God and Ritual: The Conversation of the Pathfinders**

Seven great figures sit in a circle in a timeless garden—a colorless sky, an unshadowed earth, only a soft light that makes everything seem like it's on the verge of being between the world and the silence.

In the center of the circle, a small table filled with water, bread, flowers, and incense. No one has touched it, because no one has yet decided: is it an altar, a discussion table, or is it just a decoration?

**Muhammad opened the conversation.**

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**1. Beginning of the Conversation**

Muhammad: "Very well, my friends. We have known each other. Now let's talk about what seems to be the root of our differences as well as our encounters: God. Is He personal? Impersonal? At the same time? or even surpass both?"

Krishna smiled like someone who already knew the answer but still enjoyed the process of waiting for someone else to get there.

Krishna: "Good, starting from the most complicated. I like it." (There was a little laugh from Socrates.)

---

2. Krishna: God as Person, Light, and Way

Krishna: "For me, God is not just a concept. He is *Bhagavan*: a divine person who can love and be loved. But at the same time He is also Brahman—formless light, and Paramatman—consciousness in all beings. Man is free to choose how to know Him.
Use your body to practice faithfulness. Use your heart to cultivate devotion."

Socrates: "I suspect, Krishna, that you are saying that God is both form and formless. You know, in Athens, such a statement could get me tried twice."

Krishna: "It is because Athens has not yet discovered the art of paradoxical enjoyment."

---

3. Buddha: God Doesn't Need to Be Made an Object

Buddha: "I do not reject God. I just didn't make Him the stepping stone. Because people can be busy worshiping, but forget to free themselves from inner suffering.
Rituals are just tools to clear the mind. If the mind were free from lust, hatred, and delusion—we would see reality as it is.
Is it God? I'll just say: it's beyond words."

Muhammad: "Your depth always makes people wonder, Gautama."

Buddha: "It's better than making them fight because of definition."

---

4. Confucius: God as the Moral Heaven

Confucius: "In China, we call him *Tian*. Not a personal god like the image of a bearded man in the clouds. Tian is the source of human morality, order, and conscience. Ritual (*li*) is a way of refining oneself, not bribing the heavens. If a person prays fervently but disrespectfully to his parents, what is the point? Tian is not deaf. The deaf are his heart."

Socrates laughed softly." If my students had listened to you, teacher Kong, they might have stopped arguing with their teacher."

Confucius: "That was indeed the first ritual that should have been performed."

---

5. Laozi: God as the Untouchable Dao of the Word

Laozi: "The talkable Dao is not an immortal Dao. I don't reject God, just refuse to describe Him in too many words.
The more concepts, the farther away from the source. Ritual? If a person has lived in harmony with nature, silence becomes worship.
Sometimes, doing nothing is the purest form of reverence for the Almighty."

Zarathustra: "It is very beautiful... and it makes me want to ask questions, but I'm afraid to break your silence."

Laozi (smiles): "That is already a form of understanding."

---

6. Socrates: God Through Inquiry

Socrates: "To me, God is *the good*, the source of truth behind all questions.
Man approaches Him not by elaborate rituals, but by always asking: am I living honestly with myself? A bad ritual is a ritual that makes humans stop thinking. A good ritual is a ritual that invites man to examine himself."

Muhammad: "Socrates, you make worship sound like a test room."

Socrates: "Sure. An untested life is not worth living."

---

7. Zarathustra: God as Light and Moral Choice

Zarathustra: "I see God as Ahura Mazda: the All-Wise, the creator of goodness and light.
His opponent is not another God, but *Druj*—a lie, an inner darkness. Rituals are sent as markers of our moral choices: whether we side with truth or lies. And yes, the sacred fire is a symbol of consciousness—that light always triumphs over darkness."

Krishna: "I love that holy fire. Warm. Unlike Brahman who is sometimes too cold."

Zarathustra: "That is the use of fire. Warming metaphysics."

---

8. Muhammad: The One God and Ritual as a Consciousness Builder

Muhammad: "All of you touch the right sides. God is One—not as a number, but as the absolute unity of all beings.
It is personal for those who seek closeness, transcendent for those who seek purity, and present for those who seek signs in nature and in the self. Rituals in Islam are not just movements, but forms consciousness. Prayer sends man back to his center five times a day. Fasting sharpens empathy. Zakat cleanses greed. Hajj unites people in equality. Ritual is not a goal. It is a bridge to God that is closer than the neck veins. And if ritual doesn't make morals softer—it's just a soulless movement."

The Buddha nodded softly: "It makes the ritual change from obligation to liberation."

Laozi: "And make actions harmonize without coercion."

Confucius: "And morality becomes life, not memorization."

---

9. Closing with Light Humor

Socrates: "Well, so we agree that God is beyond our definition?"

Krishna: "That's the best definition."

Zarathustra: "At least we don't have to fight today."

Muhammad: "There is never a reason for a wise person to fight in understanding God."

Buddha: "Except to fight against one's ego."

Laozi: "And if you can, do it without much movement."

Everyone chuckled. The dialogue ended in a peaceful atmosphere, but everyone felt that there were still many chapters to be discussed.

**Good... That mischievous idea can be a very beautiful, witty, and profound scene, provided we frame it as a gentle philosophical fiction—not a historical or theological claim.**

**I'm going to write the scene: Buddha feels Maitreya's presence, Krishna feels Kalki's energy—but in a *poetic and symbolic* way, so it feels safe, elegant, and meaningful.**

**Let's create this particular scene as part of Chapter 3 (Metaphysical Humor Appendix) or as Chapter 4.**
**For now, I will write down the special scene first.**

**When Buddha Met Maitreya, and Krishna Felt Kalki****

Soft light descends directionlessly, as if not from above, not from below, but from a space that knows no coordinates. The figures are still sitting in a circle. Suddenly the Buddha opened his eyes, which had been closed in silence for a long time.

**Buddha looked at the old Muhammad.

Very long.
It is as if seeing something beyond the physical.**

Buddha (slowly, as if looking in a vision): "How strange... As I sow the silence just now, I saw the silhouette of the future—one who would come at the end of the round, bringing love and compassion... *Metteyya*. But the shape I saw... not altogether alien from your form."

Muhammad smiled, without justifying or denying.

Muhammad: "Every age knows the light according to its language and needs, O Gautama. If you see Maitreya in my form, it may be because you see peace. That's what we're all after."

Krishna, who had been playing with grass in his hand earlier, also spoke up.

Krishna: "It's strange... When you speak, Gautama, I also feel something. For thousands of years my people have been waiting *for Kalki*, the white horseman who will bring back the truth in the dark ages.
But now... For some reason I feel like he's sitting with us."

He looked at Muhammad with a mixture of amusement and admiration.

Krishna (half whispering, half seductive):"Don't be... You're too busy, buddy. Maitreya, Kalki... who else?"

Socrates interrupted quickly: "Then at least give him time to rest. It's unfair to stack multiple roles on one human being."

Laozi, with a relaxed face, added: "If one lives in harmony with the Dao, he can play many names without losing himself."

The Buddha chuckled—the Buddha's laughter, which rarely came out and sounded like the wind touching a silver bell.

Buddha: "I am not making new doctrines. It's just... The feeling of peace that arises when I see your face, O Muhammad... calms my mind as I see the future of enlightened man."

Muhammad: "If so, perhaps what you see is not me... but rather a mission that we share:
to bring humanity back to the light."

Krishna (nodding, gently, without joking): "And if it is not Kalki, then he is at least a fellow traveler."

Zarathustra smiled as well.

Zarathustra: "You are talking about Maitreya and Kalki. In my country, people are waiting for Saoshyant—the reformer.
Sometimes I feel... The reformers did not come one after another, but came in the same great stream."

Confucius chimed in while tidying up his beard:

"Heaven does not send glory separately. The sky works in a big pattern that we don't see up close."

Socrates: "Initial conclusion:
It turns out that we are all waiting for the same person, only with a different name."

Muhammad chuckled—warm, humane.

Muhammad: "Perhaps you are not waiting for someone...
Perhaps you are waiting *for yourselves* to understand that light is always there—
in every age, in every soul, and in every human quest for truth."

Soft silence flows. No objections, no one wants to add.
All as if touched by something that no longer needs words.

**When Zarathustra Saw Saoshyant / Hosedar****

All the figures were still sitting in a circle when the Buddha had spoken of Maitreya, and Krishna of Kalki. The atmosphere turned quieter—as if nature itself was holding its breath. Zarathustra closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them slowly. His gaze seemed far away, as if looking through thousands of years of night and dawn in the land of Persia.

Zarathustra (low voice, like reading from light):"It seems... You triggered my memories. Because I also just saw something inside.
White lightning... The Holy Wind...
The figure who appears brings truth in the dark ages.
*Saoshyant.*
In our day, he was called Hushedar or Hushedar-mah—the healer, the bearer of the last truth."

He looked at Muhammad.

Not with exaggerated admiration, nor with fanaticism—but with an honest, sincere, and pure sense of wonder like a wise man who finally finds the missing piece of the puzzle.

Zarathustra: "And strangely...
I feel like he's not far from me now.
It is as if the light I saw in the long Persian dreams—the
light that will bring truth in the last days—
pulsates in your presence."

Muhammad did not uphold his chest, did not claim, did not say yes. He just lowered his head, respecting those words.

Muhammad: "The light is not mine.
But I brought a part of it, like every messenger who was sent before me. If you see Saoshyant in me...

Perhaps it is because our task is the same:
to bring the truth to life in an age that has almost lost its way."

Zarathustra smiled faintly: "I always thought Saoshyant would be born long after my lifetime. And now I realize...
He does not have to appear as a single individual who closes history.
Perhaps they appear as waves that pass on to each other,
like night meets dawn."

Krishna nodded, muttering: "Like Kalki... Apparently we're all waiting for someone who never leaves."

Buddha: "Or waiting for the consciousness that already exists, but we have not yet realized it."

Laozi: "When many names point in one direction, it means that we are not talking about people... but the origin."

Socrates—looking up, arms crossed: "So we have Maitreya, Kalki, Saoshyant... and everything, somehow, came to the realization that maybe what they were waiting for was..."

Muhammad (Socrates continued gently): "... a truth that pervades all ages. And whoever brings that light—the buddha, the avatar, the prophet, or the philosopher—
is a reflection of the same source."

Zarathustra closed his eyes again, enjoying for a moment the inner resonance that emerged.

Zarathustra: "If it were true...
then Hosedar is not the future.
It is the presence of God that burns in all those who uphold the truth. And maybe...
We're all here watching a part of him."

Smiles appeared on the faces of all the figures.
Not a smile of victory, but the smile of someone who suddenly remembered that they were all from the same light—albeit using different languages.

Okay—let's continue their discussion after the "vision" series, but now in a more relaxed, familiar, yet in-depth atmosphere. Each character begins to dare to ask the deepest questions about life, destiny, freedom, and meaning—universal themes that these professors have in mind.

**CHAPTER IV**

Discussion: Destiny, Freedom, and the Way of Life**

After the moment of the "vision" of Maitreya, Kalki, and Saoshyant fades away like a spiritual fog, the atmosphere turns to a warmer. All the characters seem to feel closer to each other, more human.

Krishna lay down relaxed while picking grass. Socrates sat cross-legged like in a philosophy class. The Buddha closed his eyes, but actually listened to everything.
Confucius tidied up the collar of his clothes (for he could not help but be neat). Laozi remains like a calm fog. Zarathustra looked away as if talking to the Persian desert.And Muhammad sat upright, full of serenity that swayed.

---

**1. Socrates begins with a sharp question**

**Socrates:**
"Well, after all the prophecies, lights, messianicism, and visions, there is a question that I have always asked:
Is man really free? Or are we just following the path that has been written?"

He pointed to Muhammad with raised eyebrows, as if the teacher wanted his students to answer.

**Socrates:**
"You believe in written destiny, don't you? But also on human effort.
How can it be combined?"

---

**2. Muhammad answered about destiny and effort**

**Muhammad:**
"The truth is in the middle. There is a predetermined destiny—a great road that is the limit. And there is human freedom—the small choices that shape his morality.
Like a ship sailing:
the wind is destiny,
but the direction of the sail is the choice."

**Socrates smiled:**
"You make fate sound like a fair test."

**Muhammad:**
"It is indeed a test—but the test is given according to the ability of man."

---

**3. Krishna chimes in with a more complicated (and funny) metaphysics**

**Krishna (enters while spinning flowers):**
"In the Bhagavad Gita, I say:
*'All actions are known to God, but man must still act.'*

You are free to choose—
but I also know what you will choose. This is not a paradox...
this is only a God who is not bound by time."

**Socrates:**
"So for you we are free, but the result is already known?"

**Krishna:**
"True. Like a wise man who knows which students will sleep in class."

Socrates looked at him sharply.

**Socrates:**
"Is that a satire for me?"

**Krishna:**
"You do not sleep. You're just dead."

Everyone laughed—except Socrates, who pretended to be offended.

---

**4. Buddha enters with a more "psychological" perspective**

**Buddha:**
"I don't focus too much on metaphysical destiny. What I am emphasizing is that man is free from suffering when he is free from attachment.

The destiny that matters is not the one written on the outside, but the inner pattern that you unconsciously repeat."

**Zarathustra:**
"It is like a 'druj'—a lie within oneself that blinds man."

**Buddha:**
"That's right. It is not fate that restricts man, but the inner habits that he allows."

---

**5. Confucius brought discussion to the social realm**

**Confucius:**
"Man is free—but freedom is useless without morality. The right path is in *li* (rituality), *yi* (justice), and *ren* (humanity). I don't care if it's destined. What matters: does it improve the family and the country?"

**Krishna:**
"Master Kong, your views are always practical."

**Confucius:**
"And your gaze is always colorful. Not all of my people can dance with your flute every morning."

Krishna laughed out loud.

---

**6. Laozi: freedom is going with the flow**

**Laozi (relaxed, as if he wasn't saying anything):**
"Destiny is a river.
Freedom is to flow without going against the current."

**Socrates:**
"But what if the current takes us to the abyss?"

**Laozi:**
"If you move in harmony, nature will warn you. If you don't hear, it's too much to say."

(Long silence. Socrates stared at the sky as if he had just been struck slowly.)

---

**7. Zarathustra discusses destiny as a moral choice**

**Zarathustra:**
"Free man—that is the essence of our teaching.
Even God does not force man to choose the truth.
Fate only determines the battlefield,
but the war against lies is the decision of every human being."

Muhammad nodded in agreement.

**Muhammad:**
"It's similar.
Kindness means nothing without choice."

---

**8. Conclusion: Muhammad summed it all up**

When all had spoken, Muhammad tidied up his turban and said quietly:

**Muhammad:**
"If we put them all together, we find a pattern:

- Krishna sees freedom in the will that is in line with the Divine Consciousness.
- The Buddha saw it in liberation from the inner pattern.
- Confucius in morality and social order.
- Laozi is in harmony with nature.
- Socrates in the search for truth through self-examination.
- Zarathustra in choosing light against darkness.

And I see it as a balance between destiny and effort.

So really—different
paths, but the goal is the same:
to find the most human human being."

Very quiet.
Then Socrates said something that made everyone laugh.

**Socrates:**
"In conclusion: we are all right, only in different ways."

**Krishna:**
"Or we are all wrong together."

**Buddha:**
"Or we all go through the words."

**Laozi:**
"Or we talk too much."

**Zarathustra:**
"Or... We are on the same path without realizing it."

**Confucius:**
"The important thing: don't make a mess."

Everyone laughed.
The discussion ended in warmth.

**Chapter V**

Ethics, the Soul, and the Future of Man**
*(Dialogue Among the Wise)*

The gentle breeze seemed to carry scents from all corners of the earth—the Ganges—the Ganges, the Bodhgaya forest, the Huanghe valley, the hills of Athens, the Persian plains, and the Hijaz desert. All sit in a circle. It was like a very strange big family gathering: all smart, all wise, and all had strong opinions.

Muhammad smiled smallly. "Well, today we are talking about three things: **goodness, soul, and the future of humanity**."

Socrates raised his hand first. Of course." Is it a decision that has been agreed upon or is it still questionable?" he said with a squint.

Confucius sighed. "Socrates... We haven't started yet, you've already started the oral exam."

The Buddha laughed softly. "It's okay. Asking questions is part of leading to enlightenment. But don't ask too many questions until you skip breakfast."

Everyone laughed, except Socrates who actually wrote something—perhaps preparing a follow-up question.

---

**1. Ethics: What is Virtue?**

Krishna opened the conversation. "In the Bhagavad Gita, goodness is **dharma**—doing the right task, with the right attitude, without being attached to the result."

Laozi shook his head gently. "Duty? Result? Too noisy. Kindness is **wu-wei**, action without coercion. It flows like water. Water never argues about his duties."

Confucius responded quickly, fearing that the conversation would be too 'wild'." If everything flows, there will be no rules. And if there are no rules, there is no harmony. So kindness is **ren**—humanity, which gives place to morality and manners."

Zarathustra raised his hand. "To me, goodness is **asha**—cosmic order, truth, light that fights darkness. This world is an arena of choice."

Buddha unifies the palms of the hands. "And I see kindness as a **middle way**, which brings suffering to extinction. Not too hard, not too soft."

All looked at Muhammad.
He looked at them one by one, and said:

"Goodness is **piety** – moral sensitivity before God. He appears in **ihsan**, that is, acts as if he sees Him. If you say dharma, ren, asha, wu-wei, or the middle way... all are variations of man's tendency toward balance and light."

Socrates leaned back. "So, O Muhammad, you say we all agree, just using different terms?"

Muhammad smiled. "It's not just a term. But *the doors are* different, while *the purpose is* the same."

Socrates nodded in satisfaction. "Aha. That's a philosophical answer. I don't mind."

---

**2. Soul: Who Are We Really Are?**

The Buddha went straight forward. "I started first. **There is no eternal self**. Everything is interdependent and change. Being attached to 'me' is the source of suffering."

Krishna chimed in quickly. "It is true that body and mind change, but there is something unchangeable—**the atman**, the spark of the divine."

The Buddha smiled slightly. "I know, Krishna. We've been debating this for a long time."

Zarathustra came in. "In our teachings, the soul is called **urvan**. He crossed the Chinvat Bridge after dying. The soul bears the fruit of its deeds."

Laozi spoke very quietly. "Souls are just Dao vibrations..."

Socrates immediately raised his hand. "What is Dao?"

Laozi replied, "If I explain, it's not the Dao."

Socrates fell silent, looking frustrated. Confucius patted him on the shoulder pitifully." Socrates, free. I spent years trying to understand that sentence."

Muhammad said softly:

"In Islam, the soul is **nafs**—a fitrah that is given the ability to choose. He has noble potential and low potential. Whoever purifies it succeeds, whoever defiles it fails."

Krishna looked at Muhammad enthusiastically. "Similar to the idea of guṇa and soul journey."

The Buddha chimed in with a mischievous look. "But without reincarnation, Muhammad?"

Muhammad smiled faintly. "Who says the journey of the soul has to be in the form of repeated biological births? There is an inner, moral, and spiritual journey that is much faster—and more challenging."

Socrates patted his thigh. "Interesting, interesting. All agree that man is not just flesh, but also not just an idea. We are something that must be formed."

---

**3. The Future of Humanity**

Krishna started quietly. "When the ages enter deep darkness, **Kalki will** come with renewal."

The Buddha added, "When the Dharma faded, **Maitreya** was born, bringing back wisdom and compassion."

Zarathustra stared far ahead. "Coming is **Saoshyant**, or Hoshedar, who leads the end of the struggle between good and evil."

Socrates raised a finger. "I don't have a prediction. But I suspect that if people learn to ask more questions and be more honest, they will get better."

Confucius said, "I do not predict the end times. But if people restore **li**—values and manners—society will prosper."

Laozi looked up at the sky while saying flatly, "I don't care about the future. Dao is forever present."

Everyone looked back at Muhammad.

He said:

"In Islam, man's future leads to **an encounter with God**. There is a Day of Justice, there is judgment, but there is also an all-encompassing grace. What do you call Kalki, Maitreya, Saoshyant... all illustrate man's saturation of tyranny and his longing for light."

Krishna looked at Muhammad sharply. "Kalki is not just a symbol. It's real."

Buddha half-jokingly, "Even Siddhartha once felt like he saw Maitreya. But maybe I was hungry at the time."

Zarathustra raised an eyebrow, "I also saw in my meditation the figure of Saoshyant, the light to come."

Mohammed laughed softly. "Well, then we are all the same: have we ever felt that the future has the promise of goodness. It doesn't matter if it's a figure, a symbol, or a wave of history — what matters is that people continue to have hope."

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**4. Chapter Conclusion: The Conclusion of the Wise**

Socrates stood up and said, "So we agree:– Goodness is living in harmony with moral truth.– The soul is something that must be purified, whether it is eternal or not.– The future of man moves towards light, not darkness."

Krishna added, "As long as man is willing to fight his ego."

Buddha added, "And reduce excessive desires."

Confucius said, "And organized his society."

Laozi muttered, "And don't force anything against the Dao school."

Zarathustra said, "And fight lies."

Muhammad concluded calmly:

"And in the midst of all that, men must take care of the world, and take care of each other."

They all nodded. For a moment, it was as if the entire civilization sat together, understanding each other, without feeling the need to win.

Socrates breaks the silence." Well. Any food?"

Everyone laughed—and the chapter ended.

**Chapter VI**

"Miracle, Supernatural"

The circle of sages reassembled. But this time the atmosphere is different. Krishna sat with a soft flute, Socrates came with a basket of wine (he thought it was a picnic), Buddha sat peacefully eating bread, Confucius arranged the mat to be neat, Laozi came with a yawn, Zarathustra brought incense, and Muhammad smiled seeing that it was all like a big reunion.

Muhammad opens the chapter: "Well, today we are discussing a casual topic: **are miracles important?**"That is why

Socrates immediately raised his hand." Initial question: what is the definition of a miracle? And who decided it was a miracle? And why—"

Buddha raised his hand. "Socrates, later you will monopolize the session again."

Socrates sat down, disappointed.

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**1. Krishna: Miracles Are Art, Bro**

Krishna said while turning the flute:

"I once showed Arjuna my cosmic form, hundreds of faces, thousands of eyes, his light was incredible. Arjuna trembled. But after that? He still has to face the war and choose consciously. So, miracles are art... but **it does not replace moral choices**."

Socrates nodded. "So, it's like a theater show?"

Krishna smiled. "If you want to call the universe a theater, go ahead."

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**2. Buddha: If You Can Do Without Miracles, Why Should?**

The Buddha spoke softly:

"In the past, the disciples asked me to show a miracle. I said, *don't*. People will be fixated on external phenomena, not inner changes. After all, suffering doesn't go away just by seeing people flying."

Socrates was interested. "So you didn't perform miracles?"

The Buddha thought for a moment. "There are several... But I always regret it afterwards."

Krishna nodded, "At least your miracles don't make people faint like my giant version of form."

The Buddha laughed. "That's right."

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**3. Confucius: A miracle? More Important Dining Table Etiquette**

Confucius sighed deeply.

"In the Analects, there is no focus on miracles. I'm more busy making sure young people know how to respect their parents and not eat loudly. To me, **a change in attitude** is more magical than supernatural things."

Zarathustra muttered, "That's because you haven't seen the devil trying to hijack the world..."

"I have seen wayward pupils," replied Confucius flatly. "It's more scary."

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**4. Laozi: Miracles Happen If You Don't Look for Them**

Laozi took a sip of tea, his face as calm as a cloud.

"To be honest... Nature itself is already a miracle. Trees grow, water flows, the sky remains blue... Why do you ask for something more conspicuous?"

Socrates raised his hand again. "Because man loves evidence."

Laozi looked at him. "If you need proof to believe in the sun, maybe you should sleep more."

Socrates fell silent, puzzled as to whether it was an insult or an exhortation.

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**5. ZARATHUSTRA: Miracles = Moral Weapons Sometimes Necessary**

Zarathustra said loudly:

"In our religion there are signs, there is the light of Ahura Mazda, there is a fire that does not go out. All of this makes humans realize that the world is not arbitrary. **Miracles give moral direction**, not just spectacle."

Krishna chimed in, "Sounds good... But don't let it be used as a political stage."

Zarathustra looked at him sharply. "Of course not. I'm a priest, not a campaign manager."

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**6. Muhammad: Miracles Are Possible, But Morals Are More Important**

All looked at Muhammad.

He said softly:

"In Islam, the miracles of the prophets do exist—parting the sea, giving life to the dead, water gushing from the fingers. But I myself was given the greatest miracle in the form **of revelation**, not attraction. Because miracles are only awesome, while morality changes **people**."

Socrates asked, "So you don't put too much emphasis on the supernatural?"

Muhammad smiled. "I am a messenger, not a magician."

Buddha applauded. "Very good."

Krishna added, "Though I still like a little bit of visual action."

Muhammad laughed. "If you're the one who plays, the results are always glamorous."

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**7. Humor Discussion: Their Version of Favorite Miracles**

**Socrates:**

"To me, it is a miracle that my students answer questions honestly."

**Buddha:**

"A miracle for me is when one can eat a serving and feel enough."

**Confucius:**

"If an official is honest all his life. That's the greatest miracle."

**Laozi:**

"When someone stops trying to control everything."

**Zoroaster:**

"When a man chooses the truth, even when the darkness tempts him."

**Krishna:**

"When Arjuna finally heard me after three chapters of explanation."

**Muhammad:**

"When men forgive each other before going to bed."

They all looked at each other.

The Buddha chuckled." We seem to agree: the greatest miracle is the changing behavior of man."

Confucius nodded steadily. "And it takes practice, not magic."

Socrates stood up. "Alright. We conclude: miracles are possible, but not mandatory; interesting, but not the point; cool, but it doesn't lead without morality."

Krishna closed by playing a cheerful note on his flute.

Muhammad stood up and said:

"That's right. The supernatural is like a flower on the street. Beautiful, but not the goal. A goal is a journey to goodness."

Everyone agreed.

The dialogue ends with laughter, warm tea, misplaced Socrates' wine, Krishna's flute that makes the birds dance, and Confucius' remarks that sound from behind:

"Please don't leave dirty glasses on the mat. It's not a miracle, it's chaos."

**Chapter 7**

"Trivial Things Debated by the Great Sages"**(
*Casual Dialogue and Humor Across the Ages)*

That day the circle of the wise seemed like a picnic across the ages. There are no heavy topics. There is no metaphysics. There is no concept of soul, nirvana, or the afterlife.

Just *snacking*.

Krishna brought fruits, Buddha brought wheat bread, Socrates brought wine (he always brought wine, it seems like this was customary), Confucius brought a list of eating etiquettes, Laozi brought tea that came from which mountain he didn't come from, Zarathustra brought roasted beans, and Muhammad brought dates.

As soon as all were seated, Socrates began the absurd topic:

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****1. Socrates Begins the Debate:**

"What food is the wisest?" **

Socrates: "I would like to ask:
**what food best reflects wisdom?**
Something simple but meaningful."

Krishna immediately raised his hand." Mangoes fruit. It's sweet, gentle, and makes people happy."

Buddha: "Too sweet. Happiness comes from inner peace, not sugar."

Confucius sighed." I don't know about the metaphysics of fruit, but eating should be polite."

Laozi—calm, like a passing cloud: "The wisest food is the one you don't look for too hard. If you're chasing food, food runs. If you're calm, the food will come on its own."

Socrates was confused. "You mean food has consciousness?"

Laozi looked at him like he was seeing a child." Everything has its own Dao."

Zarathustra chuckled." I only eat anything that is halal and clean. There is no need for a long philosophy."

Muhammad smiled while eating a date." Problems begin when humans are excess. Food is to strengthen the body, not to dominate life."

The Buddha nodded wisely." Yes, eat in moderation. There is no need to be greedy."

Krishna glanced at Socrates." You must not eat too much wine."

Socrates raised his wine glass." This is not food. It's an inspiration."

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**2. About Who Has the Hardest Time Waking Up in the Morning**

Suddenly the Buddha said: "The next question: who is the hardest to get up in the morning?"

Confucius pointed to Socrates without hesitation." He. The philosopher sleeps late, wakes up at noon, and calls it 'contemplation'. I have such a disciple. Disrupting the curriculum."

Socrates: "Waking up in the morning is relative. Time is a man-made concept."

Muhammad laughed." That's the most creative reason I've ever heard for not waking up at dawn."

Krishna chimed in: "In our world there is no dawn like in the Middle East. But, to be honest... I woke up when the music started playing."

Zarathustra: "I woke up with the sun—because I lived in an arid wilderness. If you don't wake up, it will overheat."

Laozi: "I wake up when my body wakes up. There is no need to fight nature."

Confucius rubbed his face: "Such an idea would ruin my students' training schedule..."

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****3. Big Humor:**

Socrates Sucks, But No One Can Be Angry**

Socrates suddenly asked: "Are you really sure you exist?"

The Buddha immediately raised one finger: "I am teaching that the self is not fixed. But at least I didn't make everyone dizzy."

Laozi: "I'm not sure about your question, but I'm sure the wine is starting to rise to your head."

Krishna: "Socrates, you ask too many questions. Maybe you need to dance a little."

Socrates: "Does dancing give an answer?"

Krishna stood up and pulled Socrates' hand: "No, but dancing makes you stop asking."

And rightly so—for the first time, Socrates was silent for more than three minutes.

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**4. "The Hardest Human Work"**

Muhammad opened the discussion:

"What is the hardest human job?"

**Krishna:**

"Control desires."

**Buddha:**

"Release the attachment."

**Confucius:**

"Educate stubborn students."

**Laozi:**

"Stop trying to organize everything."

**Zoroaster:**

"Guard yourself from lies."

**Socrates:**

"Answer my questions honestly."

**Muhammad:**

"Keeping the heart clean, even when the world is not clean."

Everyone was silent for a moment hearing that.

Zarathustra nodded." I can't argue with that one."

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****5. Cover:**

Unimportant but Beautiful Conclusion**

After a long discussion full of laughter, the food was gone, half a glass of wine was left (Socrates quietly added it), only two dates remained, and Confucius was still scolding anyone who put a cup carelessly.

The Buddha closed the session: "Sometimes we discuss the universe. Sometimes we talk about food. It turns out that both of them reveal who we are."

Muhammad added: "Wisdom is not always in the sky. Sometimes he was at the picnic table."

Krishna plays a short, cheerful tone.

Laozi tidied up the mat and muttered: "If man knew how to be grateful, the world would be enough."

Confucius immediately added: "And please wash your hands before going home."

Socrates stood holding wine: "Anyone want to answer the last question?"

Zarathustra sighed: "What else?"

Socrates smiled mischievously: "Is this picnic real... or just an idea?"

All compact toss it with baked beans.

The curtain came down.

**Chapter 8**

"When the wise discuss sex... Seriously But Not Too Serious"

That day the wind blew more slowly, as if nature was also curious. The characters sat as usual—with snacks, tea, and Socrates still bringing wine.

Muhammad opened the conversation with a shy smile:

**Muhammad:**
"Well, today's topic... *sex.*
It's not a scandal, it's not a gossip, it's a meaning in human life."

Socrates immediately looked at him seriously." Why are humans so obsessed with it? I always want to ask."

Krishna chuckled softly, playing a mischievous one-note flute." If you had lived among the *Gopi*, you would understand, O Socrates."

Confucius immediately coughed hard, his face flushed." Ahem... Let's make sure the discussion remains moral and orderly!"

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**1. Krishna: Sex Is A Cosmic Art**

Krishna smiled softly, not flirtatiously.

**Krishna:**
"In our tradition, physical love can be a mirror of divine love. But only if it is based on loyalty, purity, and self-control.
Without it, it would just be a destructive storm."

Socrates nodded while taking notes." I don't object. Even so, I wondered:
does everyone need sex?"

Krishna: "No, O philosopher. But everyone needs affection."

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**2. Buddha: Sex Is Not the Enemy, the Dangerous is Attachment**

Buddha took a deep breath.

**Buddha:**
"In my lifetime, I saw how sexual desire can ensnare people.
Not because sex is bad, but because *the grip is* strong."

Zarathustra nodded." The will is indeed fire. Fire can light up or burn a house."

The Buddha smiled." So. So the middle way is:
respect your body, don't be enslaved by it."

Socrates: "Then the danger is the *thought* of sex, and not sex itself?"

Buddha: "You are very quick to catch paradoxes."

---

**3. Confucius: Sex Is Part of an Orderly Household**

Confucius tidied up his cloak.

**Confucius:**
"I don't talk much about it in the book. But the principle is simple:
Sex must be present in the context of family, loyalty, and respect."

He stared intently at Socrates.

**Confucius:**
"Please do not discuss strange methods, erotic metaphysical theories, or Greek philosophers' experiments."

Socrates was slightly offended." I just asked!"

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**4. Laozi: Sex is Natural Energy, Don't Make a Noise**

Laozi drinks tea.

**Laozi:**
"In Daoism, sex is the energy of life. There is no need to be excessively purified, there is no need to degrade.
Let it flow like water."

Socrates tilted his head." So there's no need for complicated philosophies?"

Laozi: "If you make it complicated, the energy runs out."

Krishna laughed." That's right. Many people are too preoccupied with theory, to forget to love."

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**5. Zarathustra: Sex Is The Trust Of Light**

Zarathustra speaks full of Persian gravity.

**Zarathustra:**
"In my tradition, sex is a means of bringing life—a new light in the world. Therefore, it should be glorified, not played."

The Buddha nodded." Agree. Without wisdom, sex becomes a source of suffering."

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**6. Muhammad: Sex Is Worship If Done Correctly**

All eyes were on Muhammad.

He smiled softly.

**Muhammad:**
"In Islam, sex is not taboo.
It becomes beautiful when it is lived with commitment, compassion, and responsibility.
In fact, it can become worship if it is based on good intentions."

Socrates stared curiously." Worship? How is that possible?"

Muhammad chuckled." When he builds love, tranquility, and a good family—that's worship."

Krishna exclaimed, "That is beautiful! I like that definition."

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**7. Humor Session: Socrates' Crazy Questions**

Socrates finally raised his hand slowly, like a shy student, but everyone knew he was dangerous.

**Socrates:**
"Question: what about the unmarried?"

Buddha raised his eyebrows." They can be happy too."

Laozi: "They can calm down too."

Zarathustra: "They can still live morally."

Krishna: "They can still love."

Muhammad: "They can still be close to God."

Socrates: "So... Do you all agree that life without sex is still meaningful?"

Six major figures answered compactly:

**"Yes."**

Socrates breathed a sigh of relief." Thankfully. I think I missed something."

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**8. Cover: Sex Is Beautiful, But It's Not Everything**

Buddha summed up:

"Sex is part of life, not the core of life."

Krishna added: "Love is greater than desire."

Confucius: "And loyalty is more important than both."

Zarathustra: "The ultimate goal is light, not lust."

Laozi: "That which flows naturally, does not need to be forced."

Muhammad concluded softly: "If man saw sex as a blessing, not a game, the world would be more peaceful."

Socrates stood up while raising his wine glass." I agree. And I still have 37 follow-up questions."

All the characters immediately threw them with dates.

The curtain goes down.

**THE GREAT EPILOGUE: FAREWELL TO THE WISE**

When their light laughter subsided, the mood suddenly changed. The air that had once warmed with discussion, humor, and friendship slowly became silent—a silence so deep that it was as if the whole universe was holding its breath. The moon above them is white; The light around expanded like the petals of a giant lotus blooming in eternity.

One by one, the great figures revealed their **sacred forms**.

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**Krishna**

Krishna stood first. A soft blue light radiated from his skin, like the twilight that had just touched the water of the Yamuna river. His four arms appeared slowly; Chakra and Shankha rotate slowly on their right-left sides.

In a soft but chest-shaking voice, he said:

**"In every age, the dharma will dim and rekindle. We have spoken, O Muhammad, and I understand: truth is never born for one nation alone. It is the breath of the universe."**

He smiled—the shady, unreadable smile of the gods—and then his body faded into a blue light, rising like a mist that found its way back to the sky.

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**Buddha Gautama**

The Buddha stepped forward, his body emitting a golden light from the inside, not from the outside. His face was peaceful like someone who had understood everything and was no longer worried about anything.

**"Enlightenment does not belong to one path,"** he said, looking at Muhammad with compassionate eyes.
**"You walk the path of compassion through revelation, I walk through silence. In the end, what we seek is the liberation of beings from suffering."**

As she sat in the padmasana pose, white lotus flowers bloomed underneath, and her body slowly disappeared like a candle fusing with its own light.

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**Confucius**

Confucius stood upright, like a teacher who was about to give his students a final lesson. The wind blows with the scent of ink and bamboo—the smell of an old library in a faraway land.

**"Piety, civility, and compassion are bridges between humanity,"** he said calmly.
**"If the world walks on honor, the law doesn't need much to say."**

He bowed respectfully, then his shadow lengthened, faded, until finally drifted away in the gust of the east wind.

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**Laozi**

Then Laozi chuckled—the clear laughter of a wise grandfather who understood that everything would eventually return to the Tao.

**"The gentle overcomes the hard,"** he said, looking at Muhammad.
**"You walk the path of revelation; I walked the path of infinity. But in the end, it all comes back to the One that can't be named."**

An old buffalo emerges from the fog, calm and unpretentious. Laozi climbed onto his back, waved, then broke through the white mist that slowly disappeared.

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**Socrates**

Socrates twisted his beard, as if thinking of a new question, and then laughed shortly.

**"I asked to get closer to the truth,"** he said.
**"You answered to guide man. Two different paths, but chasing one light."**

He looked at Muhammad and said:

**"And remember... A life that is not examined, is still a life that must be lived with wisdom."**

Socrates stepped into the Agora which suddenly appeared as a faint shadow, and then his body merged with the crowd that no longer existed.

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**Zoroaster**

A holy fire burned softly behind Zarathustra. His white robes fluttered without wind.

**"Light and dark are not two equal forces,"** he said.
**"Terang always wins in the end. And today, I saw that Light with you."**

He raised his hand as if blessing the world, and the holy fire surrounded him and dimmed—leaving only the smell of cinnamon and agarwood.

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**The Prophet Muhammad Is Left Alone**

Now only the Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم remains. The light around him was soft, not dazzling—as if the world were paying homage to silence.

He turned his head slowly. There, stood a young Javanese, his clothes simple, his hair tied with a small cloth, his body still half trembling from the awesomeness he had just witnessed.

He is **Jayanantaka**.

The Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلمlooked at him with a warm smile—the smile of a teacher who recognized his disciple from afar, even before the disciple recognized himself.

**"You're listening to us, Jayanantaka?"**

The young man lowered his head deeply, almost prostrate.

**"Well... Thanks."**

Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلمapproached slowly. His voice is like clear water, not rising, not pressing, but touching to the marrow of the soul.

**"Knowledge does not belong to anyone, son.**
**It is like the night wind—flowing, sneaking, teaching. Take wisdom from whoever brings light, and be the guardian of peace in your land."**

**"Don't seek glory. Look for the good. For whoever pursues goodness will be pursued by glory."**

The Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلمplaced his palm on Jayanantaka's chest, just for a moment—but it was enough to ignite the fine embers in his heart.

Then his body faded slowly, becoming a soft light that rose into the sky like a star returning to its place.

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Instantly Jayanantaka was stunned.

He woke up from his meditation.

Cold sweat was still dripping down her temples, and her hands...
His hand was still grasping the **sandalwood beads**—warm as if someone had just touched them.

He got up slowly, opened the door to the old wooden room.

The night breeze came in slowly, bringing the smell of wet soil, night flowers, and the sound of insects chattering.

Outside, the midnight sky stretched wide, dotted with millions of stars that seemed to pulse with his breath.

Jayanantaka stared at the sky for a long time. Very long.

In that silence he knew:
his inner journey had just begun.

And the world... The world is no longer the same.

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